

Memories

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MEMORIES

A Collection of Poems

written by

SUSAN GOOD HOSTETLER

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1919

Affectionately dedicated to David Hostetler

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INTRODUCTION

Susan Ressler, daughter of Martin Boehm and Magdalena Andrews Ressler, was born in Strasburg township, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, June 29, 1845. She was married to Henry H. Good, of Rockingham county, Virginia, January 29, 1871. Her husband died October 10, 1908, at Wolftrap, Halifax county, Virginia. She was married to David Hostetler of Weilersville, Wayne county, Ohio, September 7, 1915. She passed peacefully to her eternal home May 6, 1919.

The poems herewith presented are the product of the poetic thought of a long lifetime. The earliest effort that has been preserved is a poetic description of a moving, written at the age of thirteen. Some of the later poems were written only a short time before the death of the author.

The poems have been gathered and published in the hope that there will be loving memories awakened and perpetuated by the volume. The manuscript has been prepared for the printer by the youngest daughter of the author, Mary M. Good, now a missionary at Dhamtari, India.

J. A. Ressler

Scottdale, Pa.

"Forgive my grief for one removed
Thy creature whom I found so fair
I trust she lives in Thee, and there,
I find her worthier to be loved."

A PRAYER

Our Father grant us one more wish,
For Thou art rich and full of bliss;
And thou wast ever kind to lead.
So now we come again to plead.

We have nine children in this world,
They're trying, too, to serve Thee, Lord;
But they are weak and frail as we
And often fail to honor Thee.

And they have children young and small,
Some old enough to heed Thy call;
Now lend to us Thy gracious ear
Another special prayer to hear.

As Thou didst hear Thy chosen saints,
When they bro't forth their pleas and prayers
Thus hear us while to Thee we bow.
We beg Thy loving kindness now.

May these in answer to Thy love
Obedient, true and faithful prove,
And when their work is finished here
Welcome them to thy sacred sphere.

More, also, we would have Thee hear;
Thou knowest the children living here
Whose parents do not seem to pray.
Oh! save those lambs from Satan's prey.

And those in Brother Metzler's care,
May they Thy blessings richly share.
Those yonder in the foreign field
Help them to Thy good laws to yield.

Help trusting parents, Father, dear,
To rear their young in Godly fear;
Take all into Thy sacred charge,
Thus may Thy Kingdom be enlarged.

WITH JESUS

Tenderly, gently and safely
I have been carried along,
Through this dark valley of conflict,
With many temptations thronged.

Disappointments and trials and sorrows
Strewed o'er my path many days,
Made me a wandering stranger,
But a wakeful eye watched my ways.

My bodily health was often frail
My hopes were sometimes impaired
Comforting words were very few,
I wrestled alone with despair.

Far off a dim light I saw,
Which never was taken away,
My faith held the promise secure
Given to those who obey.

Thorny and narrow though the path
Which I had chosen to tread,
I trusted that I could get through
For Jesus was going ahead.

The dim light grew brighter through time,
The path through the valley more clear,
Conflicts, trials and sorrows were changed
To patience, contentment and cheer.

So I pressed along on my way
Over many a hill and ravine;
I felt sure my Leader was there,
Though He could not always be seen

For one thing yet I implore:
It is for a pure, thankful heart
That from Jesus' pathway of light
My footsteps may never depart.

THOUGHTS ON GOING HOME

When all my work on earth is done,
And I am called to cross the stream
And going to my peaceful home
Where face to face my Lord is seen,

Do not stand weeping then around
But bid me take a peaceful flight,
For oft my soul in sin was bound
To keep me from all heavenly light.

And when my body is laid in the bier
Kind neighbors' hands will attend to this,
Do not weep saying, "Mother, dear,"
But fix your minds on heavenly bliss.

My bier which shall be plain and cheap
With wreathes do not display
But in Christ's humble footsteps keep
And choose his calm, submissive way.

Strew no flowers upon my grave;
You know I always thought it wrong;
Tell my friends their flowers to save
For those who know and hear their song.

Keep the service from eulogy free,
Speak not for the dead but to those who can
hear.

Commendation no longer is something to me
No longer my wand'ring spirit can cheer.

Tell my brothers and my sisters
Where I've wronged them to forgive;
Tell them I've gone home to Canaan
Where I wish them all to live.

When I have been quietly laid away,
Think not of me as being in the tomb;
For Jesus' did not in the sepulcher stay
And the angels have borne me home.

HOPE

My hope is in Heaven, my rest is not here,
I'm glad that my time for retiring draws near.
Although there is work all around me to do,
My efforts are weak and my good deeds are few.

Whenever my mind turns to earlier days,
I wish I had spent more time in God's praise.
And yet all my life was a strain to do good,
As health would permit I have done what I could.

But perhaps my kind Master would differently see
If face to face He was speaking to me.
But He answered my prayers and granted much
 grace
And pleadingly asked me His footsteps to trace.

Whenever my feet from His path turned aside
He gently turned and stretched His hand forth to
 guide.
He bade me to follow though waves should dash
 high
And promised to save if I only keep nigh.

He tells me the end of my journey draws near,
And soon shall the clouds o'er my path disappear;
Then I shall see clearly that nought but His love
Has led and prepared me to meet Him above.

THE WAKEFUL EYE

"Thou, God, seest me," was Hagar's hope and trust,

Who from her home had fled to rove o'er barren dust.

"Thou, God, seest me," her heart now upward turns

Which full of grief and pain within her bosom burns.

"Thou, God, seest me," in this she still confides
And He, a crystal fountain for her relief provides.

"Thou, God, seest me," Oh, what a comfort still
To those who love His presence and try to do His will.

"Thou, God, seest me," and still that wakeful eye
Which guarded weeping Hagar is watching you and me.

"Thou, God, seest me," Oh, guard and guide us still.

Keep us from word and action contrary to Thy will.

"Thou, God, seest me," Oh, may we see Him too!
Through faith by looking up in everything we do.

"Thou, God, seest me," be this our constant plea,
Against the tempter's evils, for "Thou, God, seest me."

THE MUSTARD SEED

It is but a grain of mustard seed,
The least of all the seeds of herbs,
But hid in the earth it grows to a tree,
With branches, a resting-place for birds.

It does not only make for birds
A pleasant, verdant lodging place,
But many comforts it bestows,
When we its virtues really trace.

But that is not the theme today;
Rather it is my wish to know
Why Jesus in a parable
Would to this little matter go.

It makes me think, if I were His
Just as this tiny, little seed,
I might somehow a comfort be
To people who may be in need.

That I had faith as this small grain,
That I could others richly bless,
And be a living comforter
With virtues I might then possess!

COMFORT

"Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me;"
Oh, whither for comfort could I flee?

If Thou wouldst withdraw Thy chastening rod,
I would forget and dishonor my God.

"Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me;"
Thy rod to keep up respect for Thee,
Thy staff a support to lean upon,
When I'm weary, distressed, and forlorn.

"Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me;"
May this to thy glory be gladly my plea;
Thy chastening rod points out the way,
Thy staff is my comfort and stay.

I thank Thee, that Thou dost Thy promise
maintain,
And pray by Thy grace I may firm remain;
And steadfastly try submissive to be,
For "Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

DISCOURAGEMENT

Speak not of being discouraged,
When work is right begun,
Speak not of being discouraged
But zealously press on.

Discouragements often reach us,
But we need not give them sway;
They are not sent to teach to us
A good or better way.

The foe oft brings discouragement.
'Tis his alluring plan,
If spiritual work is prospering
To disturb us if he can.

He stands 'twixt us and duty
And points a flowery road,
But not his strength nor beauty
Should mar our peace with God.

"I will not leave you comfortless."
Apply these words to home,
From Him whose mercy can sustain,
Whose grace is sure to come.

His grace is all sufficient too.
So work with vigor on.
No foe your courage can subdue
If you are led by Christ alone.

DESPAIR

Lord, help me to be what you want me to be,
And let not despair take hold upon me.
Thou art all truth, and Thy promises fair,
And we with confidence trust in Thy care.
The world has trials, temptations, and sin
And Satan is busy, trying to win.
He's trying to lead your dear children astray.
He's stationed along their bright, narrow way.

He offers his hand and a strange welcome in
To rest at his station, thus trying to win.
But we trust in Thy goodness, Thy love and Thy
 care,
Trusting Thou wilt save from the sin of despair.
Thus we wish to pass on unheeding his word
For we know all honor is due Thee! dear Lord;
Then help us to be what you want us to be.
Give us the light we should hold forth for Thee.
Spread Thy dear wing o'er the path we hold dear.
The shadow thereof will our drooping souls cheer.
May we steadfastly onward and upward incline,
Leaving all thoughts of despairing behind.
Soon we shall land on the bright, destined shore,
Where the sin of despair will tempt us no more.

TO OUR MINISTERS

Hold the fort, be steady, brethren,
 Don't you see the tempest rise
Hold the fort, stand firm together.
 Oh! behold with watchful eyes.

Darkening clouds are gathering over,
 Threatening billows dashing high.
We'll be shipwrecked if we're slothful,
 Don't you see the danger nigh?

You who are called as Zion's watchman
 On its sacred walls to stand,

The helmet of salvation bearing
Do you securely guard the strand?

Do you warn the souls who are blinded
In the misty clouds which rise,
Seeking sadly for a pathway
Wandering strangely in their guise.

"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,"
These are Christ's words, our truthful Guide
By Him, through Him, in Him alone
His faithful workers can preside.

"HOW READEST THOU?"

"How redest thou?" dear little child,
When you God's Word peruse?
Do you ask Him in accents mild
Your early life to use?

"How redest thou?" dear manly youth,
Or don't you read at all?
Search now God's blessed Word of Truth,
And heed the Savior's call.

And thou, young man, "How redest thou?"
Is your "meditation sweet?"
Preparing for the sacred vow
Which you propose to meet?

Young parent, thou, "How readest thou,"
When to your young you read?
Do you in consecration bow,
Teaching the perfect creed?

"How readest thou," thou older man,
When you are called to preach?
Oh, try to know God's perfect plan,
His pure salvation teach.

"How readest thou?" the Savior asked
A man who knew the law.
He answered right but found a task
In living up to all.

We all should read with faultless aim
To learn the truth of God,
A knowledge of His will to gain
To keep us on the Heavenly road.

**WRITTEN FOR A. C. BRUNK, MISSIONARY
FOR INDIA 1913**

Softly and steadily bear him across,
Oh, may the great waters be calm!
He seeks not for pleasure, for riches, nor dross
Nor for the vain glory of man.

Find him a pathway across the great deep,
From dangerous obstacles free.

May he through the journey all confidence keep,
Still hoping and trusting in Thee.

May he not be dismayed when trials assail,
Should the tempter come near with a prize,
With heart be determined thro' Christ to prevail
Since Christ said "as serpents be wise."

"And harmless as doves," so dear Father lead.
Oh, lead him just as he should go!
Hear him as he journeys, whenever he pleads,
And keep him secure from the foe.

Keep him strong in faith, and fervent in prayer
And when the great work he assumes
May he ever look upward and know Thou art
near
To help him in trials that come.

OUR GOODBYE

We bid farewell to the beautiful hills,
The sparkling brooks and the crystal rills,
The sunny clime and the shady loom
Farewell, farewell to our Tennessee home.

The apple-tree orchard which never has failed,
The garden surrounded with fruits of the vale,
The beautiful holly, the cedars and pines,
The roses and lilies and fruitful vines.

These things of Nature we soon may forget,
But there is a place where we weekly met,
The place where we meet with our children so
 dear
To teach the true Word and the Gospel to hear.

Our memory back to that church house oft sweeps,
The church-yard where one of our dear number
 sleeps
That dear and partly sacred spot
With that our memory changes not.

But we leave the changes of Tennessee
Not knowing what henceforth our trials may be,
But Jesus has promised to bear us safe through
If we are submissive, devoted and true.

"This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

—Tennyson.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER FATHER H. H.
GOOD'S DEATH 1908

Alone with Jesus, Oh, how sweet!
The moments spent at His dear feet.
How lonely would the time appear
With none to comfort, none to cheer.
But then we hear in cheering tone,
"A child of God is never alone."
When spiritual eyes His glory view
Our comfort, hope, and strength renew,
And, Oh, this means so much to us,
That we can in His promise trust!
"I will not leave thee nor forsake,"
May we of this dear vow partake.
His intervening Spirit comes,
To cheer the humble, lonely home.
'Tis not complaint, the Lord knows well.
When of a lonely home we tell.
The children from our circle called
How much we miss them, one and all;
And when a mother's summons comes
The place no longer seems like home.
But when the tender father leaves,
Who best knows all our wants and needs,
We feel to cling more closely still
To Him who knows our wants to fill.
'Tis then we plead as children do,
And say, "Dear Jesus help us too.
Keep us still close at Thy dear feet
The only place divinely sweet."

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL H. GOOD

Fold my hands and cease your weeping,
Fold my hands upon my breast.
This earthly life in death is sleeping,
But my soul is sweet at rest.

The hour is one of joy and gladness—
Jesus' welcoming smile I see.
Why should your hearts be filled with sadness?
Shed not a tear of grief for me.

Life for me was full of labor,
God's people and the church my care.
Now I go to reap my portion,
Eternal rest with saints to share.

ON THE DEATH OF ANNA HUBER,
of Allen Co., O.

We felt the angel spirits hover
O'er this calm and peaceful form,
Lingering, as they came still lower,
For God's bidding, "Bring her Home."

Resignedly, and Oh, so peacefully,
Grandmother laid her armor by.
Her work was done most gracefully
Her reward is a glorious crown.

We think of all her loved children
As they're scattered far abroad.
She told us of her deep concern
Lest they take the downward road.

Such thoughts turn our minds to the loving Savior
With a heartfelt breath of prayer
That all may turn their steps toward heaven
And that they may meet her there.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF E. DAIRE
SHANK FOR THE COMFORT OF HER
MOTHER, LESSIE BRUNK. 1915

I watched my husband's faded cheek
And viewed his slender form,
His speech and acts did death bespeak,
The summons came, "Come home."

His dying words were, "Lessie, dear,"
"Lord, care for those I love."
His prayer of trust, and words of cheer
Keep ringing from above.

Although in widowhood I roamed
I was not left alone;
A bud of promise early bloomed
To cheer the lonely home.

Her pleasant form, her soothing words
Oft cheered my heart when ill;

Her love was next unto my Lord's,
For He's my dearest still.

In childhood days she often said,
"A missionary I will be"
Her interest deeply grew that way
She wished the time to see.

Just one more term of eager strain
She wished to spend in school,
A full instructive life to gain;
Her work should then begin.

But now, alas, God's hand draws nigh.
Our hopes in her are turned;
This flower is plucked to fade and die.
Her work on earth is done.

I can but say, "Thy will be done."
To this end, help Thou me.
My fondest hopes are not all gone,
My trust is still in Thee.

I now to other friends resort;
They lend a comfort too.
Strong arms are left to my support;
I find them kind and true.

So, Lord, if Thou wilt bear with me,
I'll do the best I can
To live for those Thou gavest me,
And yield to Thy wise plan.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE
HELEN GLASCOCK. 1912

A beautiful blossom from Heaven was sent
To brighten our riverside home,
Fond hopes and bright prospects on her were bestowed,
During her stay on earth to roam.

Would we have thought the cold, icy hand would
pluck

The flower that we deemed was God-given?
And must we submissively bear the command,
And yield to the summons from Heaven?

The little mound yonder where verdant trees wave
Is a place for the withered stem,
But the blossom is blooming beyond the grave,
Its beauty we can't comprehend.

'Tis the unerring Spirit of sovereign grace
Performing the work of the Lord,
It moves about from place to place preparing
His people to trust in His Word.

'Tis Jesus who's calling the erring ones Home
He's promised to brighten the way.
While you hear His tender voice calling to you
For His sake no longer delay.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE KREIDER,
PALMYRA, MO.

Aged 13 years

Fond parents calm your heaving breast,
Brothers and sisters stay those tears,
Your son and brother sweetly rests
From sorrow, grief and fears secure.

The family tie is not yet broken,
This Heavenly call do not deplore.
We're born to die, and this betokens
He only has gone a few steps before.

The Lord is good, His mercy sure
Even though your hearts are made to bleed.
His intent is good, His love is pure,
And He is ever kind to lead.

Perhaps there is a cousin or a friend
Or neighbor whom this death should win.
And we should be willing our all to spend
To gather lost souls to Him.

So bear your loss with patient trust.
This we know you are willing to do.
We are glad to know how resigned you are,
The Savior will bear you safe through.

“Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense.
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.”

—Wordsworth.

SPRING

Whenever we fail to see beauty
In Nature's new mantle of green,
We are not at our post of duty,
In reverence to our Maker supreme.

Plains, forests, and beautiful hills
Declare His unchangeable love;
His Hand of compassion distils
His blessings as dew from above.

The fruit trees are shedding their bloom,
And soon will the laden limbs bend.
These are also a heaven-sent boon;
To heaven may thanksgiving ascend.

The beautiful scenery at large,
Sweet flowers and birds with song,
Plead reverence to Him who has charge
Of the seasons as they roll along.

Oh, beautiful season of spring,
Would we but call all things good,
Surely this season should bring
Comfort to each troubled mood.

SONG FOR CHILDREN

The sun has risen tree-top high,
Is shedding forth its rays.

Why should I longer slumbering lie
When Nature is filled with praise.

The insect is on its busy wing.
The birds are singing free;
I also feel a song to sing
Of praises, Lord, to Thee.

The flowers accept the falling dew,
They drop their fragrant heads
As though they felt deep reverence too,
To Him who Nature leads.

The sparkling brooklets do not stay
For insects, birds, or flowers,
But nature bids them speed their way—
Were such obedience ours!

Why can't I learn from Nature's course
Steadfast and prompt to be?
Of joy and peace to be a source
To those who care for me?

MORNING

Wishing for daylight to come,
Waiting for darkness to flee,
Watching the rays of the Sun;
Best season of prayer for me.

Just when the mist disappears
Dew drops most beautiful shine,
The dew to all Nature adheres.
So may heaven's blessings be mine.

May they descend as the dew
My feeble mind to improve
And may I each morning anew
Praise Him for the works of His Love.

CHRISTMAS

Happy Christmas is coming, the children are glad,
Blessed Christmas is coming to cheer up the sad
Why is Christmas so cheering? Do all children
know
Why this blessed holiday cheers persons so?

I'll tell you the story as to me it was told;
'Tis the birthday of Jesus. who saves all the world.
He is our Redeemer from death and from sin
And all God's creation had fallen therein.

He is our Redeemer, our Savior and King,
Let all children bring their offerings to Him.
To honor Him by obedience as long as we live
Is the best offering His children can give.

NEW YEAR

Lord may our lives through all this year
Be holy lives to Thee,
And may each cross appear most dear,
Whatever kind it be.

Lord, cleanse our hearts and cause them be
In dwellings for Thy love.
Keep us from all encumbrance free
When we would upward move.

May we not murmur nor complain,
But may we rather praise
Knowing that Thou alone dost reign
And guidest all our ways.

Help us through all this year to live
As Thou wouldst have us be.
Our enemy feed, our foe forgive,
With grateful hearts to Thee.

Lord, may your holy will be ours
Through all this blessed year
Give us to know and feel the power
Which drooping spirits cheers.

Should heavy trials be in store
To bring us to Thy feet
May they but help us love Thee more
And make us truly meek.

January

Another New Year meets our age
How swiftly time rolls on.
May every soul that views this page
Think how time could be won.

Time that is passed we can't recall,
The present is moving on;
The present is ours in which we all
Can our precious lives improve.

February

The New Year passes swiftly on,
The second month is here.
The dreary month of ice and snow,
But the shortest of the year.

When we around our firesides crowd
And talk of bygone yore
While the wintry blast is whistling loud
We'll remember the many poor.

March

The third month, March, is now in date
Its chilling wind we hear.
The snow and ice begin to break,
And spring will soon appear.

April

April, the fourth month, now comes in
The farmer's busy month of spring.

Schools now close and children too
Find plenty out-door work to do.

The farmer now to work must go
With plow and harrow, spade and hoe,
Prepare the ground for planting corn,
And see that oats and peas are sown.

Our gardens must be planted soon,
Fruit trees are now in fullest bloom.
Reviving Nature God reveres
That winter is gone and spring appears.

May

May, with its splendor now comes in.
Behold the beauteous fields of green.
Nature has shown that spring has returned
This the bees, the birds and the children have
learned.

Can we not bring some souls to know
Through Nature's great and perfect plan
That God by His own power and might
Alone is ruling all things right.

Oh, who can look on yonder fields
And say, "'Tis chance this splendor yields?"
Whose heart is hard enough to turn?
From such truth does not wish to learn?

June

June now comes in with berries ripe.
With roses in bloom and lilies white,
Refreshing showers and cooling breeze
And promise of fruit spread over the trees.

We now begin to feel in need
Of vegetables June brings with speed.
In gathering these, let us thank the Lord,
Who house and home and health affords.

July

The year is half gone, here is July
With ripe, golden grain, and corn laid by,
The reapers and mowers are rattling around,
The threshers are seeking where work may be
found.

July brings apples, peaches and pears
And berries in bountiful shares
The weather is warm but the cooling showers
Still show that God's mercy is ours.

August

The warm month of August now comes in its
place
Reminding of Adam who by the sweat of his face
Was to earn his own living an example for all
Who are willing to yield to God's merciful call.

In this month the schools will open all around,
The children at gathering their books are found.
May they be willing and eager to learn
Nothing but usefulness during the term.

September

Here comes September with a clear, frosty morn-
ing
All Nature's green with other hues adorning.
The season of autumn to farmers will bring
As much work as they had in the early spring.

The ground must be plowed for wheat, barley, and
rye,
The corn must be gathered for winter's supply,
Let us all remember that soon comes the end,
That we can't in idleness our precious time spend.

October

The tenth month now has come, the season chang-
es now.
The air is getting cold, with prospect good for
snow.
The time is hastening on and soon the closing
year
Will show that many loved ones were hurried to
the bier.

November

With cold and frosty morning, November now
comes in

With wedge and sledge, with axe and saw the
farmers now are seen.
The farm work being ended, wood must be supplied
For thro' the siege of winter, comfort to provide.

The nights are long and pleasant to those who
prudence use
But dreary to the slothful who labor did refuse
How many poor and needy dread to see winter
come
May we be instrumental in helping needy homes.

December

The month of December is already here
It brings Christmas tidings and closes the year
I wish that all children who chance to see this
Would learn what the meaning of Christmas day
is.

'Tis the birthday of Jesus, our Savior and Lord.
He came down from Heaven to save all the world.
It is feared that some parents don't take the right
way
To teach children the meaning of this sacred day

And older ones too who the good spirit spurned
Have never the meaning of Christmas day learned
He left His high home and His glory above
His wonderful zeal for redemption to prove.

THE PASSING SEASONS

Life's billows are rolling along,
The current is hurrying on,
Friend after friend in the vanishing throng
And soon we will also be gone.

Life's billows are still rolling on,
The current is swift and is sure
But blessed and safe are those who are gone
Who had a safe passport secured.

Life's billows cannot be staid
The current must have its own sway
And many beneath those billows are laid
One by one is passing swiftly away.

Oh, think while life's billows roll on,
Some billow will take us away!
It may be a billow or silent wave.
One will sweep us along some day.

As the billows roll on, some men fear.
They dread the deep plunge to make
While others are counting the reason dear
Which calls them the voyage to make.

We learn from life's billows that roll,
That our life boat runs but a short span;
And earth has no leisure for body nor soul
We should do for our Lord what we can.

'Tis sweet to resort to the strand,
And muse o'er the billows that roll
And meditate there of the Hand
Which can billows and tempests control.

"May every morning seem to say:
There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you."

—Henry Van Dyke.

ANDREWS' FLITTING

Written April 1st, 1858, when the author was
thirteen years old.

I was at Andrews' flitting today,
And there we had many things to say,
There were there many girls and boys,
And for all there was not much noise.

At first I thought I would not go,
But they all encouraged me so,
And then I thought too that I would
And mother said, too, that I should.

Some people thought it hard them to leave
But it did not affect me at all, I believe;
It is not because I don't want them here,
It is because it is so pleasant there.

And now I will tell what was done.
At loading they had first begun.
When loaded we were in a bad case,
For we could hardly find a place.

We found we could sit on the chests and beds;
Sometimes limbs of trees would catch our heads.
The girls could sit on the wagons and laugh,
But the boys had to drive the cows and calf.

When we came to the railroad we looked very far
To see the great engine and car;
But we reached safely the new home
Where Andrews now live all alone.

“And then I think of one who in her youthful
beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by
my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the for-
est cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life
so brief.
Yet not unmeant it was, that this young friend of
ours
So gentle and so beautiful should perish with the
flowers.”

—Bryant.

TO REBECCA

We saw her standing on the brink,
And walking to and fro,
And gazing o'er the raging deep
She seemed to wish to go.

The dashing waves came closer still,
We watched the ebbing tide.
And as she lingered thoughtfully
She called me to her side.

She grasped my hand again and again
As though 'twere hard to leave,
But she calmly yielded to God's will
For which we dare not grieve.

One moment took her safe across
On Canaan's shore to land,
And, oh, what bliss she now enjoys
Among the heavenly band.

CHRISTMAS

Written for Rebecca. 1898

On a plain of pleasant grazing
Sheep and lambs were feeding gay,
Shepherds wisely watching by them
Day and night did by them stay.

One clear night those wakeful shepherds
Were confounded by a noise,
Looking up they saw 'twas angels
Singing, "Let the earth rejoice."

Bringing tidings of our Savior
Thus the angels sang His praise,
As He left His Home in Glory
The cursed, fallen world to save.

He saved us from that fall'n condition
The Father's love had sent Him down,
And by His yielding sweet obedience
The wise and faithful gain a crown.

A crown of glory called redemption
And those who wisely taste His love
Often prove His love and pity
And gain a Home in Heav'n above.

ON THE DEATH,

In Strasburg township, Lancaster Co., Pa., of
Daniel and Isaac Andrews Ressler, sons
of Martin B. and Magdalene Ressler;
on Sept. 9, 1866.

Daniel aged 10 yrs. 7 mo. and 27 days.
Isaac aged 1 year 5 months and 29 days.

Hand in hand these little brothers
Often times played with each other;

Hand in hand they oft were seen,
Since the pleasant days have been.

Beside the brook beneath the trees
Many an hour was spent by these
Two, who now have hand in hand
Gone to a far better land.

According to the Savior's call
They have gone, and left us all,
But we'll strive in peace and love
To meet them in that world above.

A TRIBUTE

The following was written by our little sister, Rebecca, who died Aug. 29, 1901, aged thirteen years. We treasure the little message because it is an expression of her lively life. We thank God that He permitted her to be with us even a few years.

"Oh, what a beautiful home I shall have in heaven, if I only believe and trust in God, for He is always with me wherever I am.

I know He saves every one who trusts in Him. I always think of Him and think how wrong it would be if I would not obey Him.

I try to walk with Him as Abel, Adam's second son did. I am always ready to go to my father's and my mother's church and learn all I can about Him.

I am glad when I can sit down and listen to my dear father and mother talk about Jesus, or read about Him in His scriptures. Oh, what a wonderful and beautiful home God has prepared for all His children, if they only trust Him. I know He loves us all.

I often think how Jesus was crucified to save us from sin, and how He forgives our sins. I often think I could never go to a saloon if I must give my life.

I am now almost as old as Jesus was when He went into the temple to instruct the lawyers. I often think how John the Baptist went into the wilderness to tell the people that Jesus would come soon, and they must repent and forsake their sins. John told them that he would baptize them in the river Jordan but when Jesus came He could baptize them with the Holy Spirit.

Jesus can forgive all our sins if we ask Him. He is always ready to forgive little children's sins, and He never neglects one I am sure. When I am at school or at home I never will forget our Savior. I often think about John 3: 16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," and Ex. 20:12, one of the ten commandments: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long on the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Rebecca.

HOPE OF HEAVEN

If this earthly house, this building of clay.

Were forever to be our home,

When kindred and friends are scattered abroad,

How hard it would be here to roam!

When children grow up and to duty are called,

And the family circle unfurled,

How hard it would be with no promise or hope

To meet in a bright, future world!

One is called here, another one there,

The third to a far, distant clime;

The parents submissively yield to the strain

Because it is but for a time.

Parents sometimes are summoned to go,

Leaving children and loved ones behind;

How hard it would be without faith, hope or trust

That the circle would once be rejoined.

Then let us as parents and children and friends

Submissively yield to God's call;

Our sojourning here is but a short stay,

And His grace is sufficient for all.

JEALOUSY

Jealousy, oh, that bitter root!
Evil is its whole pursuit,
All is sin and grief and pain,
Love is banished where it reigns
Oh, the sorrow it imparts,
Urging to possess each heart
Stealthily lurking to and fro.
Yield not to this dreadful foe.

THANKFULNESS

There is much being written and said
Of our duty to God in prayer:
And it is a duty we all must heed,
If in heaven we claim a share

But there is another grace
Handed down unto those who believe:
It is thankfulness, heart full to pour out to God,
For the blessings we daily receive.

Thankfulness is a rich grace;
It brings about meekness and love;
It brings about patience which all must possess
Who are serving our Father above.

An hour of thankfulness early
Is better than a fretful mood;

If to our prayers we gratitude add
Our petitions may oft do more good.

Paul said to his people at Corinth
"Now thanks be unto our God"
Which causes us always to triumph in Christ
He means, those who Christ's path have trod.

"In everything give thanks unto God,"
Paul often commanded to do;
He said, "for this is the will of God
In Jesus concerning you."

For all things give thanks unto God,
For His mercy, protection and care;
For His kind, watchful eye o'er our pilgrimage
here
For His love strewn along everywhere.

For a mind of submission, thank God,
For a heart void of envy and strife;
For His hand of deliverance for the freedom He
gives
For His right hand of guidance through life.

His word and His promise stand firm.
May we not fail to thank Him for this.
May our minds be bestirred, to His honor and
praise,
Nor e'er let our thankfulness cease.

FORGIVENESS

Honest, pure and true forgiveness
Is a teaching we must obey.
Jesus taught this in His firmness
When He taught us how to pray

Forgive as you would be forgiven,
Otherwise ye have no claim
In the blissful home in heaven.
Nor a part in Jesus' name.

If within we hold a trespass,
Feeling envious of the same
Oh, how sad to know this sentence
Will a home in heaven disclaim.

Oh, that sweet, forgiving spirit
Will the hearts together blend
Of God's children, if their merit
Prepares them for a final end.

How the Church of God would flourish
If dread Envy were not sown,
If by sweet forgiveness nourished
Oh, how could a church be grown.

Beams of light would then be streamer
Into many a gloomy home;
Heavy hearts be lightened, feelingly
Welcomed to surround God's throne.

BROTHER JACOB (J. A. RESSLER)
MEETING BRO. AND SISTER
BURKHARD AT BOMBAY

Another time of joy appears,
Another gladsome day
Another flow of grateful tears
To wash past grief away.

Oh, when I made my vow to God
To leave my western home,
How little did I know the road
Which He would lead me on.

I met with trials, toil and care,
I labored day and night,
This two companions joined to share,
God's spirit gave us might.

We heard the heathen's fearful cry
In India's central plain
In sin and darkness deep they lie
And must be raised again.

At God's command we now pursue
Their piteous call to heed.
Oh, may we instrumental prove
To help their want and need.

Their language first we had to learn,
To tell them of their Lord.

We're glad they don't the spirit spurn
Which teaches the true Word.

Some happy converts soon we gained,
They show an earnest zeal.
They see the wrong in India's reign
Their misery now they feel.

But as our work was right commenced
The hand of sickness came,
And took my dear companions hence
No more their help I gain.

I found that I must strength renew,
My zeal must stronger grow,
By grace in confidence pursue,
Still more of God to know.

And now the Lord has answered thus
He sends two Christians dear
Again to help in this great work
I feel my spirit cheered

And now a time of joy appears,
Another gladsome day.
Another flow of grateful tears
To wash past grief away.

WRITTEN FOR HER YOUNGEST
DAUGHTER WHEN THE
LATTER WAS SIX
YEARS OLD

Grandmother, seventy-four years old,
Lives in the north, a country cold.
She got quite sick, and last July
We paid her a visit, mother and I.

It was quite pleasant, at least for me,
My uncles and aunts and cousins to see.
Anna and Clarence and Lizzie and Clara,
Rebecca and Davy and Stella and Mary,
Two little New Yorkers and good little Paul.
A good time we had when I met them all.

We did not stay long—the twenty-first of July
We bade our friends in the north “Good-bye.”
My Quaker cousins ’tis nice to tell,
Instead of “Good-bye,” they said, “Farewell.”

LONGING FOR PEACE IN ETERNITY
1864

My dearest Savior and my Lord,
Teach me according to thy word;
O make me true in heart and tongue,
And take me to Thee while I’m young;
That I may dwell in peace with Thee
Forever in eternity.

Lord make me thine obedient child,
O make me faithful, meek and mild.
And I will strive to do thy will
My heart with righteousness to fill;
That I may dwell in peace with Thee
Forever in eternity.

Lord teach me how Thy name to praise
And lengthen all my happy days;
O may I ever watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day
That I may dwell in peace with Thee
Forever in eternity.

O may I love and serve my God
And walk the path the Savior trod,
That when I leave this world of woe
This earthly mansion here below,
I then may dwell in peace with Thee
Forever in Eternity.

SCHOOL

I was asked to write on the subject of school
By one who was ever dear to my soul.
I told her it is hard, for my school days were few;
I mean going to school as young folks **now** do.
But there is a school we all are in,
The school we enter when life begins.

In this school we first learn to eat, drink and
walk;

Next comes the problem of learning to talk;
Then comes gymnasium, but not the new way,
It is learning to work and our parents obey,

Learn to obey; yes, our parents obey
This problem is hard some young folks say,
The rule must be committed to memory well,
Then the problem is easy graduates tell.
In this school "Experience" is the principal's
name,

He is the best teacher all persons claim.
His salary is high, he is often severe,
But his teachings are good, he is firm and sincere.
He has a large school and as graduates leave
There are many others on the roll to receive.
All nations and classes in this school enroll.
Nor does the great teacher his knowledge with-
hold.

In this school of preparing for life and for death,
We should use our talents till we reach the last
breath,

We should not despair when hard problems we
meet

It takes this to make graduation complete.
And when the last day of this school arrives
How we will try to our Master to cling,
Who alone is able our record to bring.

"KEEP THE MILL RUNNING"

"Keep the Mill Running" the motto of the
Tennessee Mill and Mine Supply Company

"Keep the Mill Running" yes running with speed.
If this is your motto, live up to your creed,
"Keep the Mill Running" for what would become
Of the laboring men should the mill cease to run?
And what would become of the families main-
tained

With the wages that only the mill has sustained?
And how would the people with building pursue
If the mill would cease running so faithful and
true?

Of all occupations which are many indeed
The mill, next to farming stands foremost in need.
Then keep on supplying; each vacancy fill
Since our food, clothes and houses must run thro'
the mill

Be faithful in dealings, be honest and true
For there is a hand noting all that you do
And guardian angels are whispering still
Pleading God's service while running the mill.
Soon all of your work is a thing of the past.
The mill will cease running, the judge will appear
To give to each workman his well deserved share.
And our anxious desire is that 'mong all the blest
You will hear the glad plaudit, "Enter into my
rest."

AN EXHORTATION

Written in 1865.

Dear young brethren and sisters: I say dear, for I love you all very much, and you would hardly believe me if I could tell you how warm my affections are, for you who are soldiers of the cross, and followers of the meek and lowly Jesus; and though I address these words to you, I write them for my own edification also.

I am yet young, but I hope I am not deceived in believing that we have taken up the cross of Christ, and are followers of Jesus, lambs of his flock, while He is the "Good Shepherd," and leads us in green pastures and by still waters.

Our heavenly Father will not be deceived. He looketh into the heart, and knoweth all things. He sent His only begotten Son from His blessed home in heaven, to redeem this sinful world. He sent Him to live among a sinful people, to teach them the way of life, and remind them of their best and only friend, to lead them from the way of sin unto God, who reigns over all, who does all things right, and without whom we can do nothing. Jesus moved by pity for a perishing world, came and suffered, and died upon the cross, and shed His precious blood to redeem us from everlasting misery, that through Him we might obtain remission of our sins, and be justified before God.

He rose again from the dead and ascended to heaven, leaving unto us these sweet words of comfort, "Lo, I am with you away, even unto the end of the world."

He sent forth His disciples to preach the gospel to every creature, and I hope every minister and bishop in our church is a true and sincere disciple of Jesus Christ. Therefore we should be obedient to their instructions and not deceive ourselves by trying to deceive them, and being unfaithful to God, by only appearing to have taken up the cross, while we refuse to bear it. Without bearing the cross, we cannot obtain the crown. Jesus says,—and His words are true,—“My yoke is easy and my burden is light.” Our experiences have often proved it is. If we keep the straight path which Jesus trod, He will watch over us and help us to bear the cross, when it is too heavy for us. But often when we feel that the cross is too great a burden for our strength, it is that we are forsaking Him and turning away from Him. Then He calls to us in pity, and warns us to return and be faithful. I speak from experience, for I am not untried in suffering and affliction.

Let us then, my young brethren and sisters, endeavor to be faithful in all our duties, and serve Him in all sincerity who gave His life for us. Let us, who by His holy Word and through His goodness and mercy toward us, have been led to repentance, and have taken His cross upon us, and stepped into the beautiful path, and know the joys

and the happiness thereof, let us seek to let our light shine, so that others may see our good works, and be led into the same beautiful path; and at the same time seek to persuade and convince our young friends and companions who have not yet given themselves over to the service of the Lord, that they may also come in and walk with us in the heavenly way and share the heavenly joys.

OUR CHURCH A VINEYARD

Written in 1867

Oh! let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And follow our triumphant head
To further conquests go.

The vineyard of the Lord
Before His laborers lies;
And lo, we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

Yes, let us still proceed as laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. In this small plot or garden the Lord has placed a number of His people: there are still more gathering in and yet there is room. To each one here is given a particular portion of work, and to each one that remains steadfast and

faithful in His work to the end there is given promise of rich reward. But those who remain idle and work not at all, and those who grow weary of their toil and cease to work, shall, at the end of time, be cast into outer darkness where there is no hope—no hope forever. Eternal perdition shall be their doom. Let us therefore go on, especially those of us who have tasted God's grace and experienced His good ways. Let us not grow weary, neither thru the lusts of the world, nor thru afflictions, nor conflict, nor yet thru such things as we term hardships; in no way let us be deterred from the faithful discharge of the duties which devolve upon us. May we ever remember that,

"Afflictions tho they seem severe
Are oft in mercy sent."

May our dear Lord never turn to us with the words, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" We are to labor diligently for the salvation of souls, and this is our chief work in this the vineyard of the Lord.

I have just been reading "The signs of a living or growing Christian." By these signs we should endeavor to be known as living members and laborers in God's Church. I will give you some of the signs as I read them.

1. It is a sign that you are a Christian when your chief delight is with the saints, especially those who excel in virtue. Psalms 16:3.

2. When the smittings of the righteous are not a burden to you and you can hear of your faults with affectionate attention. Psalms 141:5.

3. When length of standing and profession works of hatred to all sin. Psalms 119:104-113.

4. When the company of the pious poor is preferred to the ungodly rich.

5. When every new misery begets new thankfulness, and that with delight. Psalms 145:2.

There are also signs of a dying or decaying Christian. May none of these signs manifest themselves in any of God's present laborers. The following are some of them.

1. When you are so indifferent to public worship that you can be satisfied to come or not, at pleasure.

2. When few sermons will please you: Either you like not the matter, or manner, or man, or place.

3. When a small occasion will keep you from Christ's table, or communion with the Church of God.

4. When care for your body is usually most pleasant and care for your soul usually most irksome.

5. When reading the Scriptures is more burdensome than delightful.

6. When you are so ignorant of your spiritual standing that you know not whether you grow or decay.

May none of us prove thus ignorant. True religion reaches to all things. It alters and sweetens the temper. It goes into every duty, relation, station, and situation in life. True religion makes a good spirit. Christ says, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." But the unfruitful shall be damned and great is their doom. If we desire to bring forth fruit unto God we must never be idle. There is always much to do. We are to watch and pray, we are to pray much for the ministers of God and the church, especially, that Christ would carry on His glorious work which He has begun, until the world shall be full of His glory.

We cannot be true Christians by observing only what our Lord forbids; we must also see that we overlook not also what he commands. We must search the scriptures, pray without ceasing, guard against a worldly spirit, love the brethren. "Behold how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." We must watch our hearts narrowly, cultivate a liberal and benevolent spirit.

Nothing dwarfs the spiritual growth of a Christian more than the want of liberality and forbearance. Nor should we labor for ourselves only. We should work more for the honor of God than for our own future bliss. Self should be forgotten and God glorified. His vineyard should be kept

free from weeds and tares and corruptions. The paths in which we walk should be kept clear of brambles and brush that we may not be entangled therein, so that the Lord may be glorified, and the honor and praise of His name be spread over all the earth. And at the end of life may the Lord smile upon us and we be received with the welcome words, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The prophet says, "Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people. Behold the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the world, Say ye to the daughters of Zion, Behold thy salvation cometh; Behold his reward is with him and his work before him." Then reward shall not be according to the work that is given us to do, but according as it is done. I have reason to think there are some, if not many professors, who think it not necessary to attend to all these little requirements, but he that neglects little things will also neglect greater ones, and "whosoever will break one of these least commandments and shall teach men so, he shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven." Let us therefore go on in the way of righteousness endeavoring to keep ourselves pure and holy before God. Let us lift up a standard for the people and prove ourselves conquerors of sin as faithful soldiers of Christ and diligent laborers in his vineyard.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING

Some time ago I visited an old neighbor woman. While I was there she showed me a daily news paper with a picture of George Washington. By his side stood a pale, slender, weakly looking person called "Uncle Sam." Underneath was the question whether George Washington would know "Uncle Sam" if he should come back. I considered the question unimportant because George Washington will not come back. But the question brought many thoughts to my mind. How often have we heard the question asked if John Wesley would come back, would he know his members? Or, would Menno Simons, and other faithful reformers should they return. But these will never return, so much questioning is of no consequence.

But we have on record the history of a Man who once lived, who was once a teacher and preacher, who will return. He also established a church and it is over eighteen hundred years since He died. But He will return, this is no question. He left word to this effect, and His words were inspired and recorded by His people for His followers to search, and to study and bear them in mind. He will return, and He will know His followers. This is also no question, but a truth of great importance. Will He know us is a weighty question. The history of this young man who died at about the age of thirty years is the most interesting, and edifying, pleasant and the dearest

of all histories that we can read. We know it is true, because the prophecies concerning Him before hand have come true. We believe that He knew the Mission which He should fulfil while He lived, and we have no right to doubt His coming again. He Himself said, He would come again and gather His own from the four winds of the earth. He was so meek, and lowly, and defenceless that He was called "The Lamb of God."

There can still some of His followers be found scattered over the earth. They are waiting with joy and patience for the return of this dear Teacher and Preacher. And how we will all wish to be among those who have searched His Word and kept His precepts. He will know His followers when He comes.

A MINISTER'S OUGHTS

They ought to pray that they might apply their hearts unto wisdom. Then 1st they ought to show love and sympathy and due respect at home, which is piety. 2nd, they ought to visit the membership and encourage them to visit each other. 3rd, they ought to exercise love for the laity; as the muscle grows on the body by exercise, so love grows in the heart by exercise. 4th, they ought to avoid partiality in the flock. 5th, they ought to encourage the weak. 6th, they ought to commend the laity for faithfulness, and for interest in the work. 7th, they ought at all times to remember the vow they made at their ordination and live up to it. 8th, they ought to show faith in the laity, trusting the laity does the best they know to encourage him. 9th, they ought to avoid discouraging expressions, as though he could not find a martyr's faith among his flock. 10th, they ought to have that faith, then they can encourage the flock. 11th, they ought to manifest a true zeal in every respect and duty of life. 12th, they ought to keep their homes models of Christianity, plain, modest, free from any mark of conformity to the world. 13th, they ought to keep their children dressed plain, as is the ordinance of the church. 14th, their lives ought to be an example to the flock.

THOUGHTS ON THANKSGIVING DAY

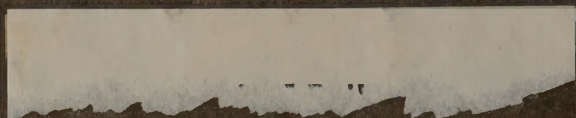
"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go to the house of the Lord," said the psalmist David. The House of the Lord was a dear place for God's people to assemble. If we go to the House of the Lord with a pure heart seeking to do His will, the moments are pleasant which are spent there. Earthly cares are done away, and we feel for the season to be resting under His shadow. Today we feel especially glad to meet at the House of the Lord, realizing the blessedness of living under government of which the rulers announce and proclaim a day to be set apart from business transactions from work pertaining to our bodily welfare and so forth for all people under this government to go to the House of the Lord at their several places of worship and give thanks to God for His mercies and His loving kindness. In the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy we learn the end of the law is obedience and an exhortation thereto given to the children of Israel, after the ten commandments were given to Moses, and made known to Israel. 3rd verse. Hear therefore, oh Israel and observe to do it; that it may be well with thee, and that thou may increase mightily, as the Lord God of thy fathers hath promised thee in the land which floweth with milk and honey. Reading from the 5th verse to the 1th, "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might, and these words which I com-

mand thee this day shall be in thy heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest in the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up; and thou shalt bind them as a sign upon thine own hands, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes: and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on the gates. He also told them that when He has brought them into the promised land, and has given them goodly cities which they built not, houses full of good things, wells of water, vineyards, olive trees," none of which they had done any work for. Then in the 12th verse He says: "Then beware lest thou forget the Lord which brought thee out of the land of Egypt from the house of bondage. Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God and serve Him."

In obedience to all this Israel would have no time to consider much else than the Law of God. We are not brought from the house of bondage, but we are all under the bondage of sin, and by the mercies of God, and obedience of His Son, were brought forth from under this bondage, and it is through the merits of God's mercy, and the sacrifice of His Son, our Savior, that the rulers of our country are moved to lead their people to thanksgiving. And this great privilege should prompt our hearts to thankfulness when we consider that we are living in a Christianized country with goodly cities, houses full of good things,

wells of water, vineyards, fruits, and what could we wish for more than we are enjoying in our country, we have peace and prosperity. We have our children educated to the laws and morals of the country, and we have a right to educate them to the law of God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and the end of the law is obedience. So if we fail to teach our children the law of God and obedience thereto we may fail to reach the heavenly Canaan, which is ours by promise through obedience.

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[Scottsdale, Pa. : J.A. Ressler, 1919]
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